

Santa Claus in the Arts Building

SANTA CLAUS stroked his whiskers. Not because of any snow that had lodged therein during his long and arduous journey from the Ritz Bar to the Arts Building, but because of a few cake crumbs that refused to be absorbed in the mass of white plumage that spouted from his ears to the base of his third chin. Santa Claus was mumbling to himself, that is he was ruminating:

Eney meeneey miney mo
The Players' Club put on a show
Eney meeneey miney mo
Oh oh oh oh oh oh
Oh
Ouch!

A voice broke in on his ruminations. "Ere, what's all this?" Santa Claus raised his heavy-lidded eyes in surprise. The voice bellowed again from a little room off the corridor. "Ere, hi say, what's all this 'ere'?"

"Demsuht! manninous ruffinbad off istan musta!"

"Oh no ye don't. No Swedish Plays will be put on in this 'ere Moleshe Hall. We've 'ad English, French, Players' Club, and German. We ain't 'aving Swedish, we ain't. Ask in Room 23."

"Daminshin'atki!"

"Don't swear at me neither. We ain't 'aving Swedish Plays by the Swedish Department or any other, we ain't. What? You'll report me to the Psychological professor as being abnormal. Out o' here. Yoo-hoo, 'arry. Oh, 'arry. Show the gentleman out 'arry. Out, hi said."

Santa Claus stood aside in astonishment. Two feet of janitor and six feet of Swede came out of the door. The Swede was on the receiving end, and unwilling to be ejected. In half a minute the little chap came back, dusting his hands. He caught sight of Santa Claus. "Wo't's this, wo't's this?"

Santa Claus was a bit perturbed. "Wait a minute," he said hurriedly. "Wait a minute. You don't know who I am."

"Are you trying to put on a play?"

"No. Well that is, not exactly."

The little fellow breathed a sigh of relief. "There's been so many of 'em as 'is tried to," he said wearily.

Santa Claus shook his head in sympathy. A few hairs fell out of his beard.

The little chap looked at the hairs reflectively. "Christmas graduates," he murmured sadly.

"What?"

"Oh, there's a lot of them around. Students, I mean. In spirit, you know as well as actually. They sleep all over the building here. We have uncomfortable chairs all over the place and intriguing sayings written on all the desks, but it doesn't seem to help. For instance, I don't think more than five people answered the one question 'Are you going to Kingston, Mary, this Christmas?' and less than that number commented on the little R. V. C. motto someone scrawled on a desk in room XV: Any girl can be seduced! Why it's a crime, it is, the apathy around here."

"And what should be done about it?" Santa Claus asked. "Perhaps I could do something for you that would help."

"Now you're talking," the little fellow beamed.

The big bluff man cogitated. "I'll tell you what I could do. I could send them all a gym for Christmas."

"That wouldn't help! They're all standing on their heads now as it is. Besides they'd never be able to find it. No, you'll have to think of something else."

"Well I could get rid of some of the bloks on the campus. I could send bombs to all the fraternities, and two to the—what do you call it—the McGill Daily."

"The fraternities and the Daily are undoubtedly dens of vice and all that. But how would you abolish the fraternities? No one ever reads the Daily and therefore it does no harm, and besides it's needed to keep Place and Nolan out of harm's way, and to keep the end basement room of the Union from being used for a decent purpose."

"The fraternities could be abolished by sending the Players' Club and the Psychological Society around to each one to give performances. They'd all move out. That is those that weren't in an inherited state would, and it would serve the others right if they had to listen. By the way I hear the Psychological Society is giving a Christmas performance of their latest comedy said to be a scream entitled 'A Meeting of the Psychological Society.' Where can I get tickets?"

The little fellow laughed. "Tickets!

Why tickets have all been given to the Senior Football team as a present from their new coach, Stephen Leacock. He says that psycho-analytical training is the only kind that makes a winning team."

"Indeed? Well in that case I will have to amuse myself otherwise. Tell me, what is there to see in this building?"

"Why, there's the manuscript of the Sanskrit play the English Department are putting on. It's supposed to have been written by Adam about Eve, and it's called 'Mae West Hasn't Anything On You, Every Dear.'"

"I think I'll wait," replied Santa Claus. "and see the Red and White Refuse when it comes out. It ought to be good this year, good and crude. Like last year. By the way, did you know that all Montreal is talking about the chorus girls running into the Union with only fur coats over their shorts? Why all the lights on Sherbrooke turned red, and not one car stopped for them. There was an awful lineup in front of the Union. Seats were selling at a dollar a throw."

"We never see anything like that in the Arts Building, never," the little fellow said. "The clock in the hall looks after all that. It reports all goings-on to the Dean and believe me, he gives the people concerned a bawling-out. He told the last couple that their technique was all wrong, and that they were way out of practice. They promised to do better the next time."

Santa Claus suddenly beamed. "By George, that's what I'll do. I'll make the Arts Building all corridor. Miles and miles of corridor. Then everyone can talk and talk and talk. They'll all be happy then."

"Don't do that, for goodness sake," the little chap gasped. "that would mean the Debating Union would get all the scholarships, that is if none of the R.V.C. wanted them. Why as it is, the girls only go over to Royal Victoria College for air, and then they come back and start all over again."

"But I must do something for the university," Santa Claus insisted.

The little one leaned forward confidently. "Well I know exactly what to give 'em. Chancellor Beatty asked for a new song the other night, a new McGill song. Give 'em that. And here's a good one, composed by none other than Howard Simpson himself: 'McGill McGill McGill! Eat in the Union Grill And I'll bet you'll be ill. McGill McGill McGill! Chill fill fill will fill McGill!'"

Slow tears trickled down Santa Claus' cheeks. "That's beautiful," he gasped. "beautiful! Such pathos, such sincerity, such McParfootin! Send it to Saga Shadows! Send it to the Graduates' issue of the Daily. Send it anywhere, but send it away, far far away." Then Santa Claus attitude changed. "Now, then," he said, turning to the little fellow. "now the, how's chances of getting this Swedish play presented?"

The little fellow looked at him in astonishment, and then ran into the office. He came out with a magazine in his hand.

"What's that?" said Santa Claus curiously.

"The Arts Undergraduate Magazine," the little fellow said in an ominous tone of voice.

Santa Claus quivered all over. His features turned ashen. "No, no, don't make me read that! Don't! I'll go, I'll go right away. I won't ever bother you again."

The little fellow nodded. Slowly, wearily, Santa Claus turned and left, and found his way back to the Ritz Tavern. As he entered he heard a loud song, sung by many voices: "—blissful though we're on the tear, taw, taw-taw, taw, taw-taw, umpa umpa um-papa." Santa Claus shook his head. "Too bad," he said.

JITTERS.

Santa Visits Union

Today Santa will visit the Union Cafeteria at lunch time and distribute free chocolate bars to the diners. The Christmas luncheon will be served again today and the House Committee expects that a record crowd will be on hand. The serving of a Christmas lunch is a new feature at the Union. As the first special meal served yesterday was very popular it was decided to run a Christmas Dinner tonight at the regular price.

The Daily Wishes All Its Readers,
Subscribers And Advertisers.
A Very Merry Christmas
And A Prosperous New Year

The Maniac

SANTA CLAUS AUTHOR
OF "HAMLET"

Bacon Imprisoned in Tower;
"Prince Shakespeare
Unmasked at Ellis
Island

LOCAL DEPARTMENT
STORE SCORES

Xmas Thousands Cheer Arrival
Of Elizabethan
Playwright

By Ramsbottom Horseley

(Special to McGill Daily)

London, Dec. 25.—Unabashed by the thousands who milled about the historic Tower of London demanding his blood, Francis Bacon, alias Harry Ferguson, alias "Prince" Shakespeare, alias Santa Claus, prominent fust-about-town and collector of hackneyed phrases, playwright, dilettante, debauchee, testatrix, vls medicatrix naturae, ran, ewe, boar, sow, horse, mare, flagit, firkin, flippalmate, indehiscent conifer, lay in his manger and smoked his meerschaum pipe as he told the story of his mad flight from the court of the Virgin Queen with a potted rubber plant and two potted Oxford undergraduates.

"Bill Shakespeare, a prominent fust-about-town and collector of hackneyed phrases," stated the Iron Duke. "Was sitting with me and a couple of gallblacks when this guffin, puts his must through the window and begins something about us being a mob of stool-pigeons. Shakespeare was drunk as a brewmaster, and he was dashing off his usual rewrite of some story he got out of a penny dreadful about some fool chiropractor called the Nape of Lucreech. It seems this Lucreech had a pain in the neck called Santa Klaus, stopping over at her flop-house in the Bowerly, so when she gets up she hikes down the corner to the chiropractor, who makes a pass at her, so she figures she'll sue for b. of. p. and put the screws on for fifty grand. She gets Palony the ward-heeler for her mouthpiece, but the judge says it's a frame-up, so her press agent puts her across in a cabaret instead as The Girl of the Limberhips, and in the end she marries Santa Klaus."

"Bill, he takes the story and lays the scene in Denmark. He changes Lucreches name to Orphella. He keeps Palony the ward-heeler, but he changes Santa Klaus into a Jewish Prinset named Hamless Rosenthal. Instead of carrying a big bag over his shoulder, Ham he carries a skull named Yonkers. This Yonkers is only a young fellow, but he has been around quite a bit, so one day he sticks his head in the door and says, 'Ham,' he says, 'all a feller needs to go through life right is the Bible and Shakespeare.' So Ham, he scratches his head and thinks that over a little and finally he decides he will try it, so he goes out and rents a room in a cheap hotel and walks upstairs and snatches the Bible out of it and walks out again, and then he calls up this fellow Shakespeare."

"This Shakespeare evidently ain't all he's cracked up to be, because the time Ham calls him, he's lying under a table drunk as a revenue officer, rewriting a piece from Detective Story Magazine called 'Ho-de-ho and Duly Eet,' which is about some musical cannibals that are eating up their women folk, and after they finish they dance around Henry their chief and sing a song called 'How Many Wives Has Henry Ate?'"

"Well, after a couple of generations the women folk begin to get restless, so they organize a revolution, but first they all read a book by a fellow called A. A. Milne, and after that they go around being whimsical, so that they are called the Merry Wives of Whimsie, and this of course makes Henry eat them up faster than ever. Then they print a paper called a manifesto which they name 'Who's Pooh in America,' and they reserve the biggest Pooh of all, right on the front page, for this fellow Milne. The story ends with this Milne getting more and more whimsical, until finally he falls off his horse and is buried just outside Woodlawn Cemetery."

"Well, Shakespeare, he is in the

(Continued on page 3)

Hoofprints

of

Pegasus

Martyrdom

It's the lot of every member,
Each reporter on the staff,
To cover his assignment,
And do it with a laugh.
Now I'll attempt to show you
Just what martyrdom this is,
When Johnny Nolan's on your track
And your mind is just a fizz.

Meetings here and meetings there,
All to be reported,
Not to mention plays and plumbers
And notices assorted.
You make five hundred words from five

And Johnny sees this dose;
Next morning when you read his crit
You see the word "verbose."

Ten thousand lines of copy
And ten million miles to walk.
Ten seconds for the journey
Ere the hands show twelve o'clock.
Winter, Summer, Autumn, Spring,
Midday, Midnight, cold and hot.
Still you must be persevering,
And arrive there on the dot.

But still, with all our escapades,
Reporting is the pick of trades.
J. F. D.

Christmas Rebellion

Christmas Eve is frightfully jolly
Like the turkey and pie
But Yuletide cheer and Happy New Year

Evokes my desire to die.
I'm tired of Santas and sleighbells and snow

And I'm weary of mistletoe guy
It's terrible, terribly pagan I know
But I long for the breezes of May,
For people are faded and tired and faded

Harrassed from being in the crowd
And some have expired from being overtired
The rest are all beaten and cowed.

Star of wonder, star of light
Star of royal beauty bright
Storeward leading, money receding,
Light your homes with Mazda light.

I long for some peace where the bustle will cease

And leave me comparative quiet
At your peril intrude with bundles of food

Or presents—and ask me to buy it!
The radio blares with carols and voices
Childish, with petulant question
"Santa is coming" the chorus rejoices
(Hope they all get indigestion).
Sentiment's sickly, turn it off quickly
Never mind—leave it to blare
Christmas means money which isn't so jummy
Numbness means ceasing to care!

The first Noel the angels did say
Buy Coca Cola and drink it today
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the Commerce and Spirit to Sell.

Good King Wenceslas went forth
Yeast to advertise,
Fleischman's star is in the north
Christmas carols cheery, dreary,
Sung by drunks with eyeballs beary
Hie you hence to bed!
You with all your daring blaring
Maudlin noise and fulsome swearing
Would you all were dead!

Silent night, peaceful night
All is dark, save the light
Look, yon managers counting his gold
Herdling his monies all into the fold
Gleefully counting the goods he has sold
Rest in heavenly peace.

Hark the herald angels sing
(Buy our premium bacon)
Happily the bells do ring
Christmas to awaken
Use our tooth-paste every night
(Santa will repay you)
Announcer, if you do not cease
I will rise and slay you!

Hark the herald angels sing
Of glories to be seen
Peace on earth, good-will toward men
Buy our Listerine
(Unfinished, as writer committed suicide).

RUBENO.

Nocturne Militaire

THE sun was setting over the airdrome at St. N — as a motorcycle pulled up by the hangar door. A tall, well-dressed built man in the uniform of the Royal Air Force climbed stiffly out of the side-car, removed his baggage, and after a few words with the driver, walked rapidly towards the Commanding Officer's quarters, a small building beside the hangar.

Major Owston was writing at his desk as the new-comer entered the room and stood at attention. As he stood up a look of astonishment and dislike crossed his face.

"I thought you were out East, Derek."

"I was," replied the other, "but I was transferred to this squadron."

The Major looked anything but pleased.

"We're short of men," he said, "otherwise I would have sent you elsewhere. From what little I've heard of you, your record is none too good. Don't think that because you are my brother you'll get any favours."

The other smiled unpleasantly but made no reply.

At a call from the Major, his batman appeared.

"Bates," the Major said, "this is my brother, Derek Owston. Show him where to put his things. Put him up in B Flight."

When they had left the room, Major Owston leaned back in his chair, filled his pipe and reflected.

His brother and he were twins, the only apparent differences being that he himself had brown eyes, while Derek had blue eyes. As children they had always been together and an unusual bond of understanding existed between them. It was not until the war broke out that their paths had diverged, and even then they had both chosen to join the Air Force. Derek had gone to the Eastern front, where, though he had four German planes to his credit, he had a reputation for insubordination and devilry. He himself had gone to France where he had risen steadily to become commanding officer of his squadron. It was strange that after three years, by a whim of fate, Derek should be sent to join him.

The Major's years however, seemed groundless. During the next week Derek took his place in the squadron and showed himself to be an experienced and skilful pilot. He also seemed to be popular with the men, chumming up especially with Mahoney of his own flight.

Towards the end of the week Major Owston began to feel unwell. On Thursday night he decided to retire early and get some sleep. He read for a little while but his head began to ache, so he turned out the light and closed his eyes. Immediately he seemed to be in some place that was very familiar to him, but the image was so blurred that he could not recognize anything. He thought at first he was dreaming. He opened his eyes and the vision disappeared. He closed them again and the vision returned. While he was trying to solve the puzzle he fell asleep.

The next morning the Major got up early for the dawn patrol. While he was flying he recalled what had happened during the night, but he dismissed it as a dream.

On his return he felt deathly sick and went immediately to his room. As he entered he happened to glance at the mirror. He stopped short and stared in amazement at his eyes. They were no longer brown; they were blue. Completely unnerved he sent Bates to tell the men that he would be unable to take the afternoon patrol. He then went to bed and soon fell into a heavy sleep. He did not awaken until late in the afternoon, when Bates brought him the news that the squadron had bumped into the German "Circus" from Airdrome 17, Mahoney had been killed and Derek was swearing vengeance.

Bates brought him a cup of tea and some sandwiches, but the Major barely touched them. He read for a while, and then tried to sleep. As he closed his eyes, his vision of the night before returned, but much clearer than before. All at once he realized where he was. He was seated at a table in the mess-hall. Campbell was playing on the dilapidated old piano in the corner and the men were standing around talking and singing. Someone (he thought it was Barker of A flight) came over to the table and said, "Cheer up Derek," and then the vision faded. The Major sat up trembling, turned over and dropped off to sleep.

He was awakened by the ear-splitting roar of an aircraft engine. It was still dark outside. He reached the win-

dow just as the dim silhouette of a Camel passed overhead.

"Who's that just gone off?" he called to a mechanic who was still standing staring upwards.

"Lieutenant Owston, Sir."

"Where's he gone? Did he say?"

"No, sir, but I saw him marking his maps. He took eight Cooper bombs."

"What did he mark on his maps," snapped the Major.

"Airdrome 17, Sir."

Major Owston swung around to find Bates at his elbow.

"Tell Captain Thompson to take a couple of men with him to Airdrome 17. Tell them Derek's shooting up 17 alone. Get a move on."

Within ten minutes three machines were in the air heading for the lines. The Major got wearily back into bed and closed his eyes. Immediately, he seemed to be in the air. The engine was roaring in his ears. He looked over the side. The sun was just creeping up over the horizon; the ground was half obscured by shadows and mist. He crossed the lines at about five thousand feet. Down below showed a cleared field and a row of hangars just touched with the rays of the rising sun.

He pushed the stick forward and went roaring down. At five thousand feet he levelled off and pulled the bomb-release trigger. The bomb struck squarely on a huge hangar and the air was filled with debris. Banking and circling, he unloaded all the bombs on the airdrome, silenced a machine-gun crew with a burst of tracer, and headed back for the lines, climbing steadily.

Just over the lines he met the trio of Camels which had been sent out to help him. He was waving a greeting to his friends, when Major Thompson wagged his wings. He glanced quickly behind him. Five Fokkers were coming down on them in a long dive. He zoomed up and turned to meet them. A blue and white checked Fokker came at him head-on, sending a stream of tracer through his lower wing. It swerved and passed by him and he swung the Camel around in pursuit. Suddenly a searing pain shot through his head and blackness engulfed him.

A roar of engines over the aerodrome brought out all the men. There were but two machines. Bates ran out to meet them as they taxied in.

"Whom did you lose?" he shouted. Captain Thompson pulled off his helmet and goggles. He was as white as a sheet under his tan.

"Cox and Owston," he replied. "Tell the Major, Bates, I can't do it."

"Yes, Sir, I will."

At the door of the office Bates met "Doc" Woodleigh, the squadron doctor, and told him what had happened.

"I'll go in with you, Bates," he said. "Thank you, Sir."

When they entered the room, the Major had evidently not been awakened by the noise. Bates shook him by the shoulder and then looked closely at the Major's face.

"Doc, is he—?"

After a few seconds the doctor looked up.

"Yes, he's dead."

The Dental Student:

Sit down little fellow with mouth open wide,
And I'll look with my mirror at toothies inside,
There—There! Don't be 'fraid. It really won't hurt,
I'll just scrape with this scaler and take off the dirt,
So that Yuletide's bright spirits and radiant good cheer,
Just like kind gifts of Santa at this time of year,
May show that your teeth are as white as the snow,
And people will like you wherever you go.

The Patient:

"Sit down little fellow," who's he think that I am,
Some Percy like kid with a face like a clam,
"There—There! Don't be 'fraid." As if that it hurts,
He's a sissy himself with his mirror, Aw Nerts—
With Christmas time here, only babies have toys,
While I'm out playing 'round with a crowd of big boys,
And this dentist guy's stuff is all bunko because,
You can't fool me pal—There ain't no Santa Claus.

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Christmas Spirit

ONCE again the Christmas Season is upon us. Most of us anticipate the inevitable mad rush on the bargain counters with dismay, and the harrowing thought of addressing stacks of cards haunts our waking hours. Every year we decide that next Christmas we actually will 'do the Xmas shopping early' and every year the usual procedure of rushing around almost spoils the festivities. How many times have we heard the story, 'I'm not giving any presents this year,' a cry invariably followed by an even more feverish dash to the shopping district at the last minute than usual.

It seems a shame that the hard-worked employees of the stores should be obliged to work overtime at this time of the year, simply because shoppers can't stir themselves to finish their buying before the last few days before Xmas day. With twelve months to make up their minds what to give to those fortunate enough to be thus favoured, Xmas week should be a period of restful anticipation, but in spite of resolutions, this week has been just the same wild scramble as usual, and will undoubtedly continue to be so till the very last minute.

As we walked the streets in a wearying search for 'The Gift That Looks Like More,' we could not help but notice the familiar moth-eaten Santas and other forlorn figures, standing on the corners, guarding more or less empty cauldrons and attempting to attract attention with the jangle of bells. Everyone seems to pass them by, their perpetually hopeful expressions fade as the hurrying crowd surges past, and at the end of the day, so often their meagre profits hardly appear worth the long, weary hours of waiting. This year, more than ever before, perhaps, these disciples of Xmas in the true sense of its meaning deserve and need our help and sympathy. Many of us are suffering from a certain financial restriction in our Xmas shopping, but how about those who cannot even consider giving to their friends? There are thousands in this city whose children have never known the advent of Santa Claus, and who must depend on the good-will of others for their Xmas dinner. These are the families for whom our charitable organizations are working, and to whom your donations to the street collectors will bring something of happiness at this season. We suspect that nearly all McGill students are labouring under monetary strain at present, but nevertheless they could help a great deal by doing little that would hurt their purses.

When we sit down to the traditional turkey and stuffing on Xmas day, if we have the assurance that we have helped, no matter how little, to make the holiday a pleasure for someone who otherwise might have been actually hungry, Xmas will mean much more as a result, and we will feel that this year at least we have fulfilled in some measure the real ideal of the season.

Most of the schools in the city send Xmas baskets to various committees to distribute to deserving families. We used to think it fun to pack up the usual roast of beef, potatoes, vegetables and toys, and then unearth old clothes from the attic for the benefit of the proteges. We considered the family as 'Our Family,' and we took a personal interest in them, their welfare, at least for the week. If we went ourselves to deliver the baskets, we saw how welcome they were, and how gratefully they were received. Those old toys and garments were as godsend, and often meant the first Xmas spirit to enter homes oppressed by soul-crushing poverty. The donations we give to the Santa on the corner do just the same good, although we may never hear of our nickle again. This is the time and opportunity for us to do our bit to further the aims of Xmas.

College Newspapers

NEXT week a conference of the leading College Daily Newspapers in Canada and the United States is being held at Washington, when issues of leading importance in college journalism will be discussed.

McGill, the oldest college daily in Canada, and one of the oldest in America, has been honored by the invitation to send a delegate to attend the proceedings. We feel that not only does this honour reflect credit to the Daily, but to McGill itself. The Editor-in-Chief will act as the representative of the Daily.

Panegyricus by McParlfootin

Yule Be Sorry—or Do Your Xmas Shopping Early

(The following dear readers is a little tale with a moral and loads of Xmas spirit. It oozes with seasonable goodwill, and is the inside story of what makes the world what it is. If you don't believe in Santa Claus, don't bother reading this—MCP.)

SANTA WITHERSPOON CLAUS sat back and tied his flowing white beard into another knot. He was extremely happy. For was it not Xmas Eve? Was it not that night of jollity and good cheer? Outside the snow was falling gently, covering Mother Earth with a blanket of lily white, with a dash of stainless purity. Sleighs jingled by the happy little home, horses' hoofs plattered and pattered with dull thuds across the spacious thoroughfare carpeted as only Mother Nature can carpet. Windows were aglow with wreaths and lights, the cup of cheer was flowing freely, and stockings hung from innumerable chimneys, empty in anticipation. Children tossed about in bed, sleeping in nervous expectation of what the morrow would bring. Maybe there was no Santa Claus, but hadn't they heard Daddy whisper to Mummy that he had hidden the presents in the attic behind the old trunk? And wasn't the Old Man a better bet than any Santa, even the one they had seen at Simpton's?

Santa tied his beard in another knot, and threw a stick of dynamite into the fire that was glowing brightly in the hearth. Ah, the spirit of peace and calm was wonderful. The dynamite spluttered and there was a terrific crash. The side of the house was blown away, exposing the little nook to the elements. "Dash it all," thought Santa, "I guess it's time for me to get along, anyhow."

He rose, and stretched. Now he remembered tonight was his night of toll. He made his way to the stable, and looked over his reindeer. Flossie, dear, sweet Flossie, the pineapple of his eye, was munching the latest illustrated edition of "Secrets of a Paris Boudoir." Her eyes gleamed intelligently as she gulped down the frontispiece unblushingly. Wilburforce looked as if he had devoured a library. Froisher lay asleep beside the sleigh, grasping in his fore-hoofs a flat, brownish bottle—that was empty.

"Three more instalments, and they're all mine," sighed Santa, as he tenderly kicked Froisher in the face. This trusty deer, the leader of the pack awoke with a start. "What-ho, Clousy old kid," he remarked. Santa hitched these antlered monarchs of the north-woods to his heavily laden sleigh, and away he jingled. (Ed. note: he jangled.) Smoothly the vehicle left the ground, and in a trice (no, we haven't been dropping our aitches) was gliding over the roof-tops.

Coming to rest on the garbled roof of a spacious rambling building, Claus untied the knots in his beard, brushed a speck of dust from his shoulder, and climbed down the chimney. It was a clean chimney. It was a large chimney. This house had steam heat, thank God! Excellent! With his bag over his shoulder, Santa glided down the chimney and came to rest in a beautiful hearth, carved from rough logs. He stepped into the room and looked. There were no stockings in sight. The room was pitch dark. Santa was compelled to grope around. His hand touched a chair, on which was a stocking. Success! He took it. It was a silk stocking. The female touch thought Santa. But wait! There was a leg in the stocking.

"Sir!" he heard a tinkling voice say. Santa dropped the stocking. He struck a match. At that very instant the room was flooded with light, just like the way they worked it in the "Devil's Disciple," when the minister entered the darkened stage carrying the lighter candles. Santa

looked about him in amazement. Not only did that silk stocking contain a leg, but there was another like it, both of which disappeared within the exotic folds of a filmy, shimmering negligee. There was a torso ("H'm, I torso," muttered Santa) and arms and a head, and hair parted in the middle, with curls. Ruby-red lips, coal-black eyes, snowy-white skin, chubby-wubby nose, and piggy-wiggly ears.

"Merry Xmas," coughed Santa, eyeing the blonde with apprehensive cupidity. He stepped back slightly to get the full effects of her matchless beauty. Was he in the Players' Club Room? Had he inadvertently crashed a Red & White Revue chorus rehearsal? No! It couldn't be. It was Christmas Eve—the University was deserted, and this couldn't be the Union Basement. There weren't any cigarette butts on the floor.

"Sir," cried the dazzling red-head on the chaise-longue, "what are YOU trying to sell?"

"My name is Santa Wilburforce Claus," he replied, drawing up to his full height, and reddening. The brunette broke out into a rash chorine. She gave out her two or three once-overs.

"There ain't no Santa Claus," she giggled, "and besides, you're in my boudoir."

"That's my job on Xmas Eve," retorted Claus, flicking a speck of dust off his shoulder, and tying his beard into a knot, "because there is a Santa Claus and I'm him."

"You mean you're he, but there ain't none." The femme was adamant. Santa was sunk in thought. Should he approach the beauty, or should he merely leave his gifts, and depart? But she was an unbeliever, and unbelievers had to be convinced, or left unrewarded. He must convince her, so thought Santa, as he dropped his bag carelessly on the ground, and sat down on the chaise-longue where our heroine looked sceptical.

"You don't believe in Santa Claus, my depraved beauty. Therefore I shall prove my identity. From my bag I can produce an inexhaustible supply of gifts."

Sadie (for so she shall henceforth be known to us) was still sceptical. But her resistance was slowly breaking down. "What's the difference between a hen?" she inquired.

"Crime don't pay!" retorted Santa triumphantly. "You name it and I got it."

"I want a diamond necklace!" Thus spake Sadie. And she got her necklace. "Lotsa silk stockings!" She got them. "Oodles of undies." She got them. "A good looking boy friend this very minute!"

Santa perspired and looked apined. "Won't I do?" he interrogated. Sadie broke out into convulsions. She laughed, she roared, she chuckled, she giggled, she chortled, and she guffawed.

"Why, Santa, you're a cute old thing. What can I do for you in return?"

Santa eyed the brunette with growing disgust. The strumpet! The grasping creature! Not for him such pastimes! Why was he wasting his valuable time here anyhow? He took back the necklace, stockings, undies, dresses, and Chryslers; and truculently whallopped Sadie on the snoot, for the Age of Chivalry was not yet over.

"They're ain't no Santa Claus!" he snarled, and disappeared up the chimney. Away he jingled on his sleigh, to spread cheer only where he was appreciated and believed in.

(N.B. This document proves conclusively the existence of Santa Claus, and should serve as a lesson to cynical students who no longer have faith in such things. Believe and ye will be rewarded. For gullibility has its virtues. MCP.)

The Ruskin Exhibition

A Sign Of The Times

IN LEWIS CARROLL'S inimitable "Phantasmagoria" there is a verse, "That narrow window, I expect, serves but to let the dusk in! But, pray, said I, to recollect, 'twas fashioned by an Architect, Who pinned his faith on Ruskin."

WE SEE, even in Victorian days, there was the prevalent belief that Ruskin was all very well as a writer, a maker of fine sounds, but as soon as you started to follow his principles to produce some object of practical use, your result would be the more ludicrous the more closely you adhered to the Master's principles. Alas for fine sounding theories that cannot stand the test of practice; but likewise alas for plausible ideas that once having grip of the public mind will not admit of contradiction no matter how often they are exploded. Few people who endeavour to put a theoretical principle into practice will pause for a moment to consider that if they fail, blame must not always be attached to the theory. And so we often hear condemnation of Ruskin on this score and that—so often in fact that the idea became firmly embodied in the public mind, and Ruskin became discredited as a practical thinker.

A fact that gave an appearance of truth to the fallacious argument that Ruskin was all fine words of no substantial worth, is that he was indeed a Master of fine words. Bitterly was he to regret it himself, when he discovered that the easy trick he learned in childhood of saying a thing in an "elegant" way was to cost him the neglect of the public to the thing itself, but their undivided and unwanted attention to his style of saying it. Nothing caused him greater annoyance than being told he was a "fine prose writer." He said that not the least factor that contributed to his ultimate brain fever was the insistence of epon his best friends in regarding his statements as foolish.

Utopian, impractical—but his manner of saying them as masterly, divine, inspired.

Ruskin was to blame for this himself. By the time he turned his attention to matters of social reform, he had the habit well bred into him of clothing all his thoughts in a garb so fine and so majestic that he would not—or could not—give it up, in order to tell plain truths in a plain fashion. Despite his own protest to the contrary he could never say: "Sir, your house is on fire!" but would spout: "Sir, the abode in which you probably passed (note the alliteration, if you please) the delightful days (another alliteration) of your youth is in a state of conflagration." What man on hearing a message of such import, phrased in such a way, would consider it as anything but a good jest. The analogy is very close.

It is for this reason, I believe, that R. H. Wilemski wrote: "Ruskin could not write for toffee, but he had a devil of a lot to say." Discounting the author's penchant for a startling paradox, this means that Ruskin was too fond of clothing his ideas in a wealth of imagery, sentiment, and other Victorian frills now condemned by the realists of Modern Literature. Of all the great Victorian writers there are none who have suffered a more complete loss of public interest than has Ruskin. During his later life it was customary to hear faint eulogies of Ruskin (1); but a short generation after his works were read by few, and today his life is of interest only to a studious minority. And the cause for this decided revulsion of feeling may be traced directly to this fault of never making a plain statement unadorned.

It is, of course, false to say that Ruskin "could not write for toffee." The trouble was that he could write—only too well; he could produce gems of prose that have a permanent place in English Literature; but their very beauty obscures the urgency of the appeal they contain.

With this the state of modern opinion about

Ruskin how are we to interpret the recent display of his books, MSS., and paintings that took place recently in the Redpath Library? It is surely a most encouraging sign of the times. It denotes the beginning of a re-awakening of the public mind to Ruskin—that is, a re-awakening to the ultimate truths that are to be found in his works, clothed though they be in glamorous periods. It is also, perhaps, the beginning of a counter-reaction which will lead us back to a saner standard of literary excellence, where the unintelligible and the porographic will be hailed no more as the work of inspired genius.

S. R.
 (1) One highly respectable Victorian gentleman carried away by an ecstasy of enthusiasm pronounced that the Nineteenth Century would principally be remembered because it was then that Ruskin lived and wrote.

Correspondence

To The Arts Undergraduate Society...

As a Christmas present to those students who frequent the smoking room of the Arts Building I an Artisan would like to suggest a new telephone directory... some enterprising strong man has very ably exhibited his prowess at the expense of the poor telephone directory. As a result it has been torn in half and we poor Undergraduates have to rely on our short memories for those numbers that have been so ably obliterated by the show of strength. Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours truly,
 AN UNDERGRADUATE.

P.S.—I suggest that you publish this in The Daily.

Our Gallic Neighbours

New Plan

WE HEAR at times that Laval University of Quebec is too conservative and too traditionalist (in a relative sense), and is adverse to progress in educational matters. Laval is one of the oldest Universities, indeed the earliest classical institution on the Continent, since it was established as a Seminary at the dawn of the French Colony of Quebec, and the young are apt to look askance at this venerable organization.

True enough it has adhered to traditions with scrupulous attention for it believes in slow and progressive changes, and shuns sudden, erratic or unmaturing upheavals. Education is a field in which continuity is highly desirable and most European Universities take years and years to recognize officially what they gradually have allowed to develop into established facts in their midst.

And in the same way as McGill has established French courses and lectures, in order that English-speaking students may avail themselves of the opportunity of learning French in this Province, Laval University has seen that French students would undoubtedly benefit through learning the English language, which would enable them if they wish, to pursue their studies at English colleges and Universities. This innovation is only one of a few we have noticed lately from our Quebec neighbors. We have no details about it save the following despatch to the Montreal Star, of December 15.

"Creation of an examination at the end of the third year in Quebec's seminaries affiliated with Laval University, which would enable students to enter English-speaking universities, was announced last night, by

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Msgr. Camille Roy, Rector of the University. "Msgr. Roy said that the matriculation examination at the end of the third year would place French-speaking classical colleges in the Province on the same level as English-speaking colleges and would enable students to continue their classical studies in English colleges if they so wished." "Other decisions made included institution of an examination in mathematics for the baccalaureate of rhetoric."

"The new matriculation examination for students in the third year will be introduced in 1936."

This innovation, if we understand it right, should mark a milestone ahead in the relations between the two fundamental races in Canada. Few people will deny nowadays the great cultural advantage of possessing two or more languages, but we must not forget the extreme difficulty of the French grammar as compared with the English grammar. If it were possible for English-speaking Canadians to start like their French co-citizens, their scholastic groundwork in French, they would with less effort perfect their

(Continued on page 4)

M. Hebert

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The McGill Daily Sports Editors Are Wishing To All Readers, Students and Athletes, A Very Merry Christmas

Red Seniors Hold French Team 2-2

McLernon and Crutchfield Score For McGill Squad

RED SIX HOLDS LEAD FOR MOST OF GAME

Arcand Leads Canadiens in Third Period Comeback

MCGILL'S senior hockey team moved a step nearer the playoff position last night when it held Les Canadiens to a two-all draw in a hotly contested Senior Group game. Royals moved up into first place in the league by trimming Victorias 6-3 in the first game of the doubleheader.

A goal by Gordie Crutchfield in the second period of last night's game looked good enough to win for a time as both teams were playing very carefully. In the third session however, Arcand, the big defenseman of Canadiens took a hand in things, and on his first rush of the game scored the tying goal.

McLernon Scores
A few minutes later the same player came back again, and though he did not score himself, made the play for F. Ranger to give the Canucks the lead. Bob McLernon battled in the goal that tied the game once and for all shortly after Ranger's point, and the teams battled on even terms for the rest of the period.

There was little to choose between the two squads last night, McGill had the better of the play, but Canadiens were more dangerous, and only the excellent goaling of McHugh kept them from running up a score.

Loose Defensive Play
A tendency to hold the puck in their own defensive area almost cost the Redmen the game, and the second Canadian goal was directly a result of this fault. McHugh was forced to stop three shots in succession as his teammates failed to clear the puck from around the goal, and the fourth shot went in.

McGill scored its first goal immediately after the start of the second period. Melkjohn led a rush down centre ice and passed to Crutchfield on right wing. The latter coasted in on Archambault and beat the little Canadian goalie on a dribbling shot to the corner.

Canadiens Force Play
In the third session Canadiens started to open up the game and carried the play to the McGill defence. The Red forwards showed a tendency to play out of their position and in consequence McHugh was forced to stop many hard shots from the Canadian forwards who were left uncovered in front of the net.

Arcand scored the first goal for the French team on a brilliant solo rush. He faked the defence and then bounced the puck over McHugh's stick. A few minutes later the same man made an identical play this time however being forced into the corner before he could shoot. He passed to Ranger who was left uncovered, and the latter after several shots had been blocked by McHugh, finally poked in the puck.

Reds Attack
McGill went on the attack after this and McLernon baited the puck into the net, after a passing play with Elie and Duff. For the rest of the game the Red team had most of the play, but their shooting was off colour, and many of their passes went astray. The McGill team as a whole showed improvement over its last two games. Crutchfield was outstanding, and along with Duff and Morse was the pick of the forward lines. McHugh in goals was a standout. Boudreau, Burnie, Poirier and Arcand were best for Canadiens, Archambault was as steady as ever in goal.

The Teams
McGill: McHugh, goal; Wigle, Melkjohn, defence; Crutchfield, centre; Morse, Duff, wings; Elie, McLernon, Lamb, MacKay, Hall, Crosby, Dickson, alternates.

Canadiens: Archambault, goal; Arcand, Wilson, defence; Poirier, centre; Boudreau, Burnie, wings; Martin, Robert, J. P. Ranger, Pilon, Shore, Blanchard, Bissell, F. Ranger, alternates.

Summary
First Period
No score.
Penalties: Melkjohn (2), Burnie.
Second Period
1—McGill.....Crutchfield (Melkjohn)..... 1.07
Penalties: Melkjohn, Wilson, MacKay.
Third Period
2—Canadiens.....Arcand..... 6.07
3—Canadiens.....F. Ranger (Arcand)..... 8.05
4—McGill.....McLernon (Elie, Duff)..... 10.30
Penalties: MacKay (3), Burnie.
Referee: McEwen and Campbell

Broken Hearts

"Carol" sweetly carol" with a hey nonny nonny and a hotcha cha!
Midterms, my dears, Christmas holidays, trains, home and mother, Christmas trees, hollywreaths, mistletoe . . . and right at this point with the word "mistletoe" ringing in your ears Fanny Fikit wishes you all a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

It would appear if the poets are to be believed that Spring time is the time when Love comes into its own, but don't let English professors fool you. It's the Christmas season that starts happy romances. All very well this talk of "Budding Leaves," of "birds pouring out their throaty rhapsodies," but it all fades into insignificance with the mere suggestion of firelit rooms, twinkling Christmas tree lights, silvery windowpanes, to say nothing of "birds pouring out their father's private stock of throaty rhapsodies." What's all that got to do with Love, you ask? Just think back a bit . . .

Do you remember the first time you were at a Christmas party and the boy that sat across from you in church and that only was home for the holidays and very shy when he was home, kissed you under the mistletoe and then shared his Christmas cracker with you and asked you to go skating with him . . . a big thrill wasn't it? Remember opening your Christmas cards and finding one from him signed in a blotty manner "Love John" and sleeping with it under your pillow! Then when you were a little older and came home on your first Christmas holidays from school and you had your first evening dress, or your first Tux and a friend of the family gave a dance for "the young people" and you summoned up enough courage to ask that GIRL that lived two blocks away . . . and she asked her Mother . . . said she'd love to go and wouldn't you come up to dinner first . . . you started to get your bath at four o'clock in the afternoon and even, at that you just made it? Remember your tie sliding up over your collar all evening and that little rat that was such a "tom boy" telling you in front of everybody:

"And 'Gals' do you remember your first pair of Cuban-heeled pumps and how old you felt and how annoyed you were when your best friend appeared in real HIGH heels and let everybody know about them . . . and Fathers called for everybody at one o'clock and on the way home you held hands and when father wasn't looking kissed your BEAU goodnight, 'cause by then he very definitely was your "BEAU" and what's more he wrote to you every Sunday from school for a whole year . . . was anything ever more thrilling . . . no never . . . not until next Christmas season when he brought home his pal that lived in Cuba, and couldn't get home for Christmas, and the "pal" told you you had "IT" and you got your hair cut in a windblown bob because Clara Bow's was. Yea, verily and then New Year parties started and the boys in tails had far more attention paid to them than the boys in Tux and you cut the back out of your "evening dress" and made it really low and your mother made you wear your old one and nearly spoiled your whole life, but didn't, 'cause you fell in love with the Captain of the Rugby team and he gave you a picture of the team with himself in the middle holding the ball and he took your picture back to school and the correspondence would have done honour to a poet and you kept all his letters in a box . . .

Then the Christmas season went "Hey Hey" and you didn't want "to go with one girl all the time for heaven's sake" and that "one" girl was doing her best to go to every party with a different boy and dancing a whole dance without a "cutin" was dying a slow death! . . . then a year or so later you felt very blue on New Year's Eve and didn't know why you didn't want to kiss everybody when they finished playing "Auld Lang Syne" . . . you just wanted to say Happy New Year very quietly and sincerely to one person and you decided that this time it must be LOVE . . . then you all got together when the holidays were over and found out you had all felt the same way and you decided that it was because you weren't children any longer . . . and now look back at it all and figure . . . it out . . . Crushes you say, kid crushes, but they are prophetic if nothing else!!
Christmas is here again and its high

Class and Faculty Hockey

Hockey hours for practices this week have been allotted as follows:
Fri. Dec. 21st 4-5 Arts and Sci.
1 5-6 Med. 1
6-7 Eng. 4
Thurs. Dec. 26th 5-6 Comm. 3
6-7 Theol. 2
Sat. Dec. 22nd 9-10 Eng. 1, X and Y.
Any class or faculty teams desiring practice hours during the Christmas holidays should get in touch with Manager, Bill Snelgrove at DE 3311. The schedules will start immediately after the Christmas holidays.

time that someone took upon themselves to shake an old and boney finger in the middle of their Christmas wish and say "YOU mark my words" Right at this moment how many of you had to wait until your train slides into the station and something "Pretty Smart" comes dashing along the platform. Well, mind you my Bucko, if you want her to come dashing along at the same time next year don't rave all holidays about the swell time you had at the Junior Prom. Don't call her Betty after you've finished telling her you took Elizabeth Ellis to the Fraternity party. Tell her McGill is swell and that there are some great fellows there but that as far as you are concerned the girls are punks . . . she won't believe it anyway, but it will give her an awful thrill to hear it. Be sure on New Year's that you don't get too "happy" before midnight and no matter where you are, whenever the bells go, tear across to wherever she is and don't fool about telling her how happy her 1935 will be if you have anything to do about it . . . if you aren't a Christmas graduate you probably won't have, but girls love things like that! And now my Hearties, if your hearts desire is here and you have to leave . . . well that's really not much fun . . . but you can get in some good work before you go . . . Be sure you take her out your last night in town and let her know that as far as you're concerned these damned holidays are a pain in the neck and that at twelve o'clock on New Years you will think of her and no other living soul . . . that may lead her to inquire if SPIRITS come under the heading "quick and the dead" tell her if you do get tight on New Years it will be because you'll have nothing better to do and even if you don't quite get around to thinking of her right on the "dot" (there's always so much noise it's hard to find the "dot") I'll guarantee that she'll think of you and if she does you're all set 'cause "gals lay a lot of store by the person that can take their thoughts away from a party on New Years and perch them up on some faraway mountain top!"

Enough for the male of the species . . . now you have the "Gals" where you want them I'll help the Gals put you on the spot and then we can have a Happy New Year. If you're returning to the home town for the holidays and HE is coming home from Varsity (God forbid) or Western (God forbid) or Queen's (God go on forbidding), even although you do think he is an awful dimwit to go anywhere but McGill don't tell him. Life is short and why argue? Tell him about the hockey you saw and the last time you saw his pal under a table, anything that interests him but keep away from complete descriptions of the row you had at the fraternity . . . and how you wrecked your new evening dress . . . what does he care if you did fall over the back of a chair at the Piccadilly. Don't waste a perfectly good evening telling him that there is the "SWEETEST MAN IN 'History 2'" if you're making time with the man in "History 2" skip it, after all HE'S probably made plenty of time with some blonde in History 222 but you'll never hear about it . . . unfortunately . . . Don't turn weepy when the New Year comes in because "you are not going to see much of him next term." Gather your roses while you may and you may see him more than you expect. There are always excursions! Don't let him think you hate McGill because he's not there, you don't anyway, and statements like that smack of long evenings pouring over Chaucer and that smacks of wet smacks and never suggest it!

Enough of this, my sweet ones. You've got what it takes; that happens to be McGill's gift to the undergraduates for this Christmas, so never let it be said that you "buried your talent."
The Maniac
(Continued from page 1)
middle of rewriting this story when Ham calls him, so he tells him to come on over and he will see if he wants to buy the book. The way Bill works it is this: he changes Henry's name to James Branch Caliban, a savage arid deformed slave, who is in love with Veranda, who believes that Prospero is just around the corner. While she is waiting on the corner, Sir Philip approaches her and asks her for the plans. They are overheard by E. Gorgonzolo Oppenheim, a man of odorous reputation. He reports them to the police, and Veranda is forced to marry the chief of police. The story ends with the chief of police retiring on a pension. He spends the remainder of his life sitting in a rocking-chair on his Veranda.
"Ham, he comes over, and Bill looks in the book and says there is a fortune in it for both of them, so they sit down and rewrite all the stories. The story ends with Ham a rich man, and he goes back to Lucrece, or Orphelia as she is now known, and Bill lies down under the table again and has another drink."
(Enter two sewers. Song, "Come away, come away.")

A SENSATIONAL Hockey Gamepus !!

Gillies vs. Freshie-nuts
Six Set Innings . . . Fun For All . . . Great Mobs Howl In Delight

Tweet-tweet says the whistle lettuce commence der slaughter.
Jawohl sang the gillies, as they neatly tripped the poor Freshie-nuts and scored their first 37 goals in 2 seconds.
"Now boys," weeped the refuor-guessfree, "this will never do—What! let da femmes trim us—come on gang, let's get rough." So Millums obligingly slid up the ice after tickling the goalkeepers ribs with chorities of delight blasted a hole clean through net, boards and all and laid out the goal-judge, who leaned with his hand on the red-light district for some ten minutes. So of course the referees counted as fast as he could and gave the flannel pyjamas 1438 goals.

By this time the 10th period was over and Gladys fell on her 2112. What Hol the Gillies forgot their goalies and rushed to her aid across the burning ice. Merewith the game ended at 10579 to .000000001%. The freshies got fresh and everyone danced to the strains of "Simp Hoop-La's coal-skuttles." The crowd cheered the winners of the marathon dance after 6 eons of pedal-pushing and all went home happily while Ed. Wynn hosed the shirt-covered floor.
Amen, amen & adios to all.
Tear up at your leisure.
BERTUS WALLOUPUS, B.A. 2.

Sports Correspondence

Sports Editor, McGill Daily.
Dear Sir,
In common with the majority of the student body I have been bored throughout the year by a succession of vapourings from the minds of such worthless as A.G. and A.D.S., self-constituted authorities on Sports who

(Continued on page 4)

SPORTS NOTICES

BOXING
Practices take place at the Field House every Tuesday and Friday from 5 to 6.

WRESTLING
Practices are being held every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at the Field House from 5 to 6. No previous experience is necessary and all men interested are asked to turn out.

GYMNASTS
All men interested in gymnastics (Continued on page 4)

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Turn Back The Clock

By Bookworm

Dedication
THIS column is dedicated to those days when McGill was preparing our professors. In those good old days when they stayed out till twelve at the Junior Prom, and when there was no Players' Club, the students at McGill had a mighty good time. You betcha! From time to time we shall try to recapture the spirit of those days by presenting our readers with the original thought of that time. And now, turn back the clock!

1897, And Still No Union!

FOR many years it has been the subject of much discussion among both the students and the University authorities, as to the best means of bringing about a greater development of active student life, such as forms so marked a feature in the universities of Great Britain and the United States. Given suitable conditions which will foster all the better elements of student nature, this life will manifest itself with a spontaneity which is in itself one of its most satisfactory features, and it was in recognition of this fact that an attempt was made, a few years since, to institute a University Club, the membership of which should include students as well as professors. It failed to accomplish the desired end, however, and had to be abandoned after a short existence.

The belief is entertained that if the time ever comes, when some liberal benefactor shall provide the University with a series of dormitories where the student, within his own domicile, may yet be a member of a community where it is possible to enjoy a constant sense of intercourse with his fellow students, and from which there is a continuous and spontaneous flow of life such as is possible only in communities, matters will so adjust themselves that the great deficiency in student life, now so apparent, will no longer exist. Until that time arrives, however, it will be desirable if other means of bringing the students into closer association can be effected, and the possibilities of a dining room where they may be assured of good and well-cooked meals at reasonable prices, and where they may be brought under superior influences, seem to offer at least a partial solution to the question.
(A dining room was organized, and it worked quite efficiently for a while.)

Hullo!
WE NOW TURN the clock forward a few years. It is 1916, and as we look at the records of that year the picture of a young man in a stiff collar meets our eye. He is a young man of serious mien, but "good to

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REVUE

All music for the revue must be in by January 14 1935, since chorus rehearsals, which begin on that date, will need the music.

Your Guide To Good Meals
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Chicken and Turkey and dishes containing poultry depend entirely for their flavour on the grade used. The finest pen-fed poultry is used exclusively by us in the preparation of our dishes.
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Green Peas or Mashed Turnips
English Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce
Hot Mince Pie or Lemon Pie
Ice Cream
Tea Coffee Milk

LUNCH 35c
Rice Tomato Soup or Tomato Cocktail
Roast Stuffed Turkey, with Giblet Gravy and Cranberry Sauce
or Roast Leg of Lamb with Mint Sauce
or Baked Virginia Ham with Cranberry Jelly
Duchesse or Roast Potatoes
Mashed Turnips or Green Peas
English Plum Pudding with Hard Sauce
or Hot Mince Pie or Lemon Pie
Ice Cream
Tea or Coffee or Milk

TODAY — Union Cafeteria

Physicists Feature Former Professor

Dr. J. W. A. Hickson Will Address Physical Society

Dr. J. W. A. Hickson will appear before the Physical Society tomorrow at five o'clock to express his views on "Sir James Jeans' New Outlook in the Philosophy of Science." Dr. Hickson, a former member of the University Teaching Staff, has on several occasions read papers on the relationship between Philosophy and Science before various societies.

The lecture will deal chiefly with Sir James Jeans' views on the importance of the New Physics which he outlined in his Presidential Address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Among the points to be considered by the speaker are the bearing of the wave aspect of the Quantum Theory on the Philosophical Idealism, the struggle of New Physics to go beyond space and time and the abuse of Mathematics by some mathematical physicists. Also items to be discussed are Physical Determinism and the Principle of Indeterminacy, concerning which Sir James has acquired some new views.

Preparations Final For Arts Informal

WITH final arrangements concluded for the Arts Undergraduates' Dance to be held tomorrow night in the Union Ballroom following the McGill-Harvard game, the committee in charge has expressed the view that the affair will take the form of one of the most extravagant and elaborate functions that this body has ever undertaken. It was further announced that the patrons of the dance will be Dean Johnson and Dr. Macmillan.

Among the feature items on the entertainment program is to be a skit performed by the Red and White Revue which will provide part of the Christmas atmosphere by introducing the traditional figure of Santa Claus. Decorations throughout the Ballroom will be in true Yuletide style, with red and green streamers and ribbons predominating.

Tickets are now on sale for one dollar per couple, which may be obtained from many of the class executives.

Extend Time

Student Photos at Rice's During Holidays

Graduating students will be given the privilege of having their photographs taken at Rice's during the Christmas holidays, as the time-limit, which expired on December 10th, has been renewed. This arrangement was made by the Annual Editor in order that students who have so far been unable to attend to the matter may have their photos taken.

The Annual board has already announced that it is sponsoring a photographic contest in order to obtain pictures for the campus life section. The contest will close on January 31st. Five prizes are being offered, the first prize will be \$5.00 in cash, and the other four prize-winners will each receive a copy of Old McGill '35.

Our Gallic Neighbours

(Continued from page 2)

English later on and would be equally proficient in both languages, a rare accomplishment indeed in either group. In any event the new departure of Laval is worthy of note and reflects greatly on the sagacity and initiative of its Rector Mgr. Roy.

Monsieur Roy

RIGHT REVEREND Camille Roy, B.A., LL.D., Ph.D., Rector of Laval University, Professor of Canadian Literature, University Laval of Quebec, was born at Lower Berthier, Quebec on October 22nd, 1870, and was a son of Benjamin Roy and Desanges Gosselin. He was educated at the Seminary of Quebec, Laval University of Quebec, the Catholic Institute of Paris, the University of Paris, where he secured his B.A. and his degree of Licence es Lettres (LL.L.). He was conferred the degrees of Ph.D. and LL.D. by the Universities of Toronto and Ottawa. Ordained Priest in 1894, he has been Professor of Rhetoric at the Seminary, Professor of French Literature at Laval, Professor of Canadian Literature and Director of Superior Normal School of Laval University. Mgr. Roy is a man of letters and a noted critic. Amongst the books he published are: "Nos Origines Littéraires," "Essais et Nouveaux Essais," "A l'ombre des Erables," "Erables en Fleurs," "Etudes et Croquis," "Les Leçons de notre Histoire," "La Critique Littéraire au XIXème siècle," "Propos Canadiens," "L'Université Laval et les Fêtes du Cinquantenaire," "Les Fêtes du Troisième Centenaire de Québec" and many others. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, Officer of the Legion d'Honneur and besides being Rector of Laval he is also Grand Vicar of the Québec Diocese.

CLAUDE DUBUC.

Xmas Issue Contributors

The Managing Board of the Daily wishes to express its very sincere thanks for the many contributions received for the Christmas Issue. Unfortunately a great many of them were unable to be printed on account of lack of space. If any contributor wishes to get back his or her contribution, they may call at the Daily. If they desire to leave them, the Daily will be very pleased to publish them at the earliest opportunity.

Driving to New York

On Christmas Day, returning New Year's Day. Can accommodate 2 students who are willing to share expenses. Apply: MA. 3036.

Engineering Magazine

The Engineering magazine will be published some time in March. All contributions must be in by the end of February. Inasmuch as the greater part of January is taken up with mid-terms, the executive board has suggested that contributions be written during the Christmas holidays. They may be handed in to Harry Grimsdale.

Correspondence

(Continued from page 3) cover their ignorance of sporting parlance and grammar under a blanket of crude and never humorous verbiage. Despite the numerous protests which have reached you during the term you have made little effort to improve the tone of your page.

Now you have, sir, on your staff at least two writers of ability markedly superior to that of the two above-mentioned writers and who at least give the impression of understanding their subject and of being able to present it in an intelligent and at times humorous manner. I need scarcely remark that I refer to Mr. K.B.X. whose interesting comment on Rugby and Hockey have been followed with interest by all who profess a knowledge of the games and to "Bnooney" under whose name several articles of a humorous yet penetrating nature have appeared.

May I suggest, sir, that in the coming term you hand over your editorial writing to one or both of these writers or perhaps take over this duty yourself. After all, it is surely the duty of the editor to express some opinion on the events with which he is so closely connected.

Thanking you for your valuable space, I remain,

COMM. '36.

Sport Notices

(Continued from page 3) are asked to turn out at the Montreal High Gym every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5 o'clock.

FENCING

Fencing practices are held every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at the Montreal High Gym. All interested students are asked to report at 5 p.m.

SOCCER PICTURE

All students who ordered a soccer picture may now have same by applying to the Physical Education Department.

WRESTLING

The wrestling bouts scheduled for Saturday have been advanced to tonight at 8.00 in the Y. All participants are asked to be on hand promptly.

Reinstatements

Gordon Crawford, Comm. IV.
G. Gardner, Comm. II.
H. A. Conklin, Comm. II.

The new business obtained by the construction industry showed further adjusted gains in September, the index of contracts awarded being 49.2 compared with 49.3, an increase of 8.6 p.c. The increase over September of last year was 49.0 p.c., the total in September last being 112,494,000 compared with \$3,388,000 in the same month of last year.

Building permits at \$2,248,000 as against \$3,274,000, declined from the preceding month. The index was 21.5 compared with 29.3 in August, an adjusted decline of 26.4 p.c.

The gain in the railway freight movement was less than normal for the season, the total loading being 212,214 cars compared with 204,553 in August. The index adjusted for seasonal tendencies dropped from 74.9 to 67.0.

The external trade of Canada made an excellent showing in September, the gain in exports being a bright spot for the month. Exports were \$58,815,000 compared with \$55,837,000 in August, the adjusted index at 82.8 as against 77.3 showing a gain of more than 7 p.c. Imports after seasonal adjustment recorded a gain of 5 p.c., the index moving up from 70.0 to 73.5. The amount of the declared import values was \$42,208,000 compared with \$43,507,000 in August, the decline being considerably less than normal for the season.

The economic index maintained by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics was 92.1 in the week ended October 13 compared with 94.1 in the preceding week, the consequent decline being slightly more than 2 p.c. Seasonally adjusted carloadings were 5 p.c. greater in the 40th week, due in part to the gain in the western grain movement. Owing largely to increases in grains and base metals, the weekly index of wholesale prices moved up from 71.2 in the week of October 5th to 71.4 in the week of October 12th. The weekly index of high

Debaters Meet In Y.M.C.A. Auditorium

Morton Godine and Sydney Friedman to Represent McGill

Traditional enemies will engage in verbal conflict this evening, when the Junior Debating Society encounters the Montreal Spoke Club at 8.15 in the Y.M.C.A. auditorium. The proposition is: "Resolved That provincial parliaments in Canada should be abolished and replaced by a central government." The McGill representatives upholding the affirmative of the resolution are Sydney Friedman and Morton Godine. Both debaters are past winners of the Bovey Shield for public speaking. The Spoke Club supporting the negative is the present holder of the Beatty Trophy symbol of the debating championship of the city.

Each team in the League has suffered one defeat thus far. Should McGill win this evening's debate, it will stand an even chance of qualifying for the semi-finals. The victor of the semi-final debate meets the winner of the second section of the Montreal Debating League. The victorious team gains possession of the Beatty Trophy.

Question Of Hillel Foundation Mooted

AN issue which has presented itself to the executives of the Maccabean Circle and which needs the immediate attention of the members at large, concerns the recently mooted question of the formation of a Hillel Foundation at McGill. Since the meeting of the study group this evening will be the last gathering before the next term it is essential that this matter be taken up there without delay.

At the meeting this evening, Morton Bloomfield, former president of the Circle, will give an address on the subject "Jewish Mysticism." His talk will enlarge on the fact that mystical thought is the greatest contribution that the Jews of the Middle Ages made to Jewish religious philosophy.

The Study Group will meet in the Music Room of the Union at 8.15. Discussion will take place at the end of the talk after which refreshments will be served.

Society Performs Sketches

La Société Française is holding its third meeting this afternoon in the R.V.C. at 4 P.M. All are invited to attend especially as Santa Claus will leave Eaton's at 4 P.M. to come and join us and ask (in French of course) what each one desires for Christmas. French carols will be sung in unison; each year will perform some sketch. A French tea will be served. An enjoyable time is promised to everyone. Come and wish us "Heureux Noël" et une "Bonne et Heureuse Année."

grade bond prices dropped from 126.3 to 125.3. The advance in common stock prices was continued for the third week, the index being 92.1 compared with 91.7. The gains were nearly general in the sub-indexes for the industrial division.



A professor of Latin and Greek
Can smoke cigarettes like a streak.
But it's not for his knowledge
Folks are joining his college.
But the odd BRITISH CONSOLS
to seek.



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Younger Gold Properties Making Full Use of Metallurgical Research

The application of metallurgical science which has scored many notable triumphs in Canadian mineral endeavour is now playing an important role in the development of and in bringing into production Canada's younger gold properties. Of the twenty-eight investigations recorded by the Department of Mines, Ottawa, in its report of Investigations of its Ore Dressing Division in the first half of 1933, twenty-two were on ores in which gold is the chief metal of value. In practically every case the shipments for test purposes were from properties that have entered the Canadian mining picture in recent years.

The industry's outstanding efforts in the way of low grade gold ore production are represented by the Beattie property in western Quebec and the Young-Davidson property, under the control of Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines, Limited, in the Mactachewan area, Ontario. Both of these companies are operating on ores well below the average grade, and in both cases, the work of the companies' staff of the Ore Dressing and Metallurgical Division has been a vital factor in the success of developments.

The experimental and research work on ore shipments conducted in the laboratories ranged from microscopic examination and chemical analysis to the devising of suitable mill practices for the treatment of the ores. Five were on ores from British Columbia, two from Manitoba, twelve from Ontario, five from Quebec, one from New Brunswick, and three from Nova Scotia.

The volume of experimental work conducted in the Ore Testing Laboratories at Ottawa has increased sharply in recent years, the increase being mainly attributable to the unprecedented interest in gold mining operations, and to no small extent to the determination of operators to make full use of metallurgical science in mill design. Company engineers and consulting engineers spend considerable time in the laboratories investigating their own particular problems and have the benefit of the experience and knowledge of the staff, gained in conducting experimental work. Reports such as the one just issued find a growing field of use among engineers and consultants engaged in the design of new milling plants and concentrators.

Large and small companies alike make use of the facilities provided but the laboratories have been of particular

service to operators of small properties or of large properties in the earlier stages of development with limited funds at their disposal. New milling plants are constantly being erected, based on the results of investigations carried out in the laboratories.

Commencing with the present report, "Investigations in Ore Dressing and Metallurgy" is being published half yearly rather than yearly as before. Copies of the report may be obtained from the Director, Mines Branch, Department of Mines, Ottawa, Ottawa, November 29, 1934.

Car loadings for the week ended October 13 were affected by the holiday on October 8 and decreased from 51,560 cars for the previous week to 53,050 cars, but the index number rose from

68.98 to 74.25. The total was 1,257 cars greater than the total of 50,303 cars for the corresponding week in 1933. Compared with 1933 grain increased by 377 cars, livestock by 309, lumber by 170, other forest products by 351, ore by 392, merchandise by 414 and miscellaneous freight by 1,598 cars. Coal decreased by 2,029 cars with the remaining commodities showing only slight decreases.

For the nine months ending September 30, 1934, the cumulative production of steel totalled 585,162 tons as compared with 266,829 and 257,843 in the corresponding periods of 1933 and 1932, respectively.

Output of ferro-alloys totalled 1,147 tons in September as compared with 2,458 tons in the previous month and 2,033 in September 1933.

STUDENTS WANTED

Do you want to earn extra money during your holiday period? A special "questionnaire" form will be supplied you. The purpose of this questionnaire is to obtain information regarding the present heating methods of home owners. There are ten questions to ask and there is positively no selling attached to this offer. You are paid 30 cents for each form returned with all questions answered - and the possibility of receiving, as a bonus, through the results of these surveys - a substantial amount, details of which will be explained by applying between 5 P.M. and 9 P.M. any evening this week to

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3.25	2.25
E—OPERA Black, brown, red, blue or wine coloured calf, flexible sole, leather heel, pair	OPERA (not sketched) Black, brown, red or blue calf, pair
Similar styles, 2.95 to 4.00	3.25
F—FLAID Woolly fawn or plain Everett, made in England, felt and leather soles, pair	OPERA (not sketched) Black, brown, red or blue calf, pair
1.00 to 1.75	3.00
G—ARTIC One buckle, made in England, Woolen, camel coloured cloth-felt and leather soles, pair	F—ROMEO Black or brown kid, flexible sole, leather heel, pair
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Graduating students who have not as yet had their photos taken at Rice's will be given the privilege of making an appointment for a sitting during Xmas holidays.

Sign for your Annual today.